

## A FATEFUL... ....DIAMOND

He knew what her answer would be, for there could be no mistaking the light on that fair, beautiful face, and he drew her into a fond, close embrace, laying one hand lovingly, yet nervously, upon her golden head, his whole being thrilling with the mighty love that filled his heart.

And she? She stood for one minute thus enraptured, then she lifted her tender face to his, while tears trembled upon her golden lashes—tears of wondrous joy which this grand, inspiring love had called to her eyes.

"Louis! Louis!" she murmured, and the very intonation of his name betrayed an affection as deep and true as his own.

There was no need of words; each knew that each belonged to the other for all time. And in the misty future wedded souls could belong to each other, for all eternity too.

From the moment of our first meeting, love—from that hour when you thrust this dear hand between the iron bars of your father's gate and dropped this little coin in the dust at my feet—you have been the lodestar that has drawn me onward and upward toward an honorable manhood, toward success, and—yourself, Louis said a little later, when both had become more familiar with each other, the great happiness that had come to them.

"Ah, Louis, you must have been already somewhat charged with honor and manliness, else you could have been drawn neither upward nor onward," Margaret replied, with such fondness that he could not resist bestowing an appreciative caress upon the lips that had given utterance to the tender words.

"Margaret," Louis said, suddenly and very gravely, "I am afraid I have done wrong in not telling you before this what I know of my history; there is one blot upon my life which may make you hesitate to give yourself to me."

"A blot upon your life?" she repeated, lifting her startled eye to his face and growing slightly pale.

"Well, not exactly that, perhaps; but a blot upon a life connected with mine."

"Ah, that is different!" she said, with a sigh of relief. "So long as you are good and true, what others may have done cannot affect you."

Tears sprang to the strong man's eyes at these words, for nothing could be more touching and beautiful than this pure, unselfish love that he had won for his simple worth alone.

But he told her all his story, not omitting the fact that his father was a man of whom he had reason to be ashamed, and with whom he could never be associated in any way, except to relieve his necessities if he should ever need such relief.

"What he has done or what he is cannot affect you personally, dear," she said, with tender sweetness when he had concluded; "it is Louis Dunbar whom I love and whose wife I hope to be."

For answer the young man bent forward and touched those sweet, red lips with his own. He had no language with which to answer her words of simple faith and noble trust.

### CHAPTER XVI.

"I imagine that young Dunbar, to whom Mrs. Houghton introduced me this evening, is a fine fellow; he has a grand head, a noble, earnest face, and there was something about his eyes that impressed me very strangely, as if I must have seen him before."

These remarks were made by Mr. Forest to his nephew, as, after their return from the opera and their meeting with the Houghton party, they were seated in their private parlor smoking their fragrant Havanas and talking over the events of the evening.

"He has a fine position; if that can make a fine fellow, I suppose he must be one," Arthur snoring replied.

"What is his position?" asked Mr. Forest.

"He is general manager of the telephone interests in this country."

"Indeed? That is a responsible position for a young chap like him. He must be wonderfully smart."

"He's smart enough to feather his own nest pretty well. I am told that he is getting rich fast," replied the young man, musingly.

"How old is he?"

"Twenty-three or four."

"Who is he? Where does he come from? Dunbar is a familiar name."

"He was brought up until he was twelve years old by a poor woman in Boston. About that time he came out to our place and worked for a farmer named Brown, sticking closely to his employment in the summer, and going to school in the winter, for three or four years; after that he went back to the city as office boy for a lawyer, and I never saw him again till I met him here."

"He is an orphan, then?"

"Yes—or, at least, he always passed himself off as one."

"You do not seem to like him very well."

"I! He is nothing to me!" Arthur hastened to assert, somewhat scornfully. "But—"

"But what?"

"I have no faith in him; he was up to all sorts of things when we went to school together, and I believe these old tricks, particularly if they are mean ones, will cling to a boy all his life," Arthur responded; and, verily,

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we believe that he knew whereof he spoke.

"Oh, I don't know about that; all boys are full of mischief, and I reckon he was no worse than others," Mr. Forest remarked, charitably.

"Well, you can judge for yourself," returned his nephew, and then he proceeded to relate that story of the lost coin with which we are familiar, coloring it to suit himself, and making Louis feel in his earlier days.

"He does not look like a chap of that character; I think his face a fine one—very."

Arthur made no reply, but his lips curled, showing his teeth in a disagreeable smile.

"I imagine also," pursued the gentleman, shooting another searching glance at his companion, "that your pretty little Miss Houghton thinks so, too."

Arthur scowled, hunched uneasily in his chair, impatiently threw away his cigar, and suppressed an oath.

Mr. Forest appeared not to heed his disquiet, and finally fell into a reverie that lasted a long time.

The following morning he informed Arthur that he was obliged to run down to Havre for a few days on business, but he must try to enjoy himself as well as he could during his absence. His traps, he said, he would leave in his care, although he supposed there was no danger of anything happening to them.

But that night found Arthur Aspinwall "enjoying himself" in a remarkably strange manner.

Every door leading to his uncle's room was locked, and the portieres were closely drawn over them, every window was closed, and the shades drawn down, and the heavy draperies dropped over them, while the young man might have been seen sitting before a strong, iron-bound chest, trying numerous keys in its massive lock.

He was certainly "looking after" his uncle's traps in a most literal manner. His efforts were at last rewarded; the bolt slipped in his socket, and the next moment he had lifted the lid of the chest—a mysterious article that had attracted and excited his curiosity the first time he had seen it—and its contents were at his mercy.

An examination of these revealed valuables of various kinds. There were trinkets and curiosities from different countries, boxes and bundles of papers relating to business transactions, account books, bank books, notes and bonds. There were packages of beautiful goods, silks, satins, embroideries, gloves, handkerchiefs, etc., evidently intended for friends at home.

Among these was Arthur's own mother, his uncle's sister, whom now he would never see in this life.

Every package and box, book and paper, was thoroughly examined, and before morning Arthur had been through this wonderful treasure chest, and could have told almost as much regarding his uncle's business and the amount of his possessions as Mr. Forest himself.

The clock on the mantel struck five, and he had examined everything save a narrow tray which was built into one side, or end, of the chest, and securely locked.

He, however, finally succeeded in opening it with one of his smaller keys, and, lifting the cover, the first thing that caught his eye was a large velvet case.

Opening it he was dazzled by the glitter of a set of diamonds fit for a queen—necklace, tiara, ear-pendants, bracelets and brooch.

"Where on earth did he get these, and for whom are they intended?" he exclaimed, almost awed by their splendor and priceless value.

Another small case or box contained a variety of unset jewels, very valuable.

There remained now only a small mother-of-pearl case, fastened with a golden clasp.

Something made Arthur Aspinwall hesitate before opening this; he seemed to realize for the first time that he had been guilty of a mean and unworthy act in thus prying into the secrets of another.

But curiosity again prevailed over the small stock of honor that he possessed; he unfastened the golden clasp, turned back the velvet-lined lid, and found himself looking into the face of one of the loveliest women he had ever seen.

The picture was painted on porcelain, and the tints were exquisitely soft, the outline charming.

Lovely brown eyes, large, liquid and confident, gazed up at him with a look so strangely familiar that every nerve in his body began to thrill, as if from some electric shock, and his own face suddenly blanched with an undimmed fear.

The low, white forehead gleamed pure as a pearl through graceful waves of nut-brown hair, which were drawn back from the delicately veined temple, and coiled in a careless knot at the back of her pretty head.

The nose was small and slightly retroussée; the mouth one of wondrous sweetness, its scarlet curves perfect and beautiful beyond description; the eyes, like molten wax, curving away into the graceful neck.

[To be Continued.]

### Light and Shade.

The proprietor of the bicycle repair shop had a bolt on the back of his neck, and was feeling ugly.

When, therefore, somebody rung him up and asked him—

"Are you open after six o'clock?"

He replied:

"I'm never open. Do I look like a sign-of-the-zodiac man? Ring off!"

Mr. Kandle—I wish you wouldn't interrupt me every time I try to say something. Do I ever break in when you are talking?"

Mrs. Kandle—No, you wretch, you go to sleep!

The Maiden—Mr. Courtwell, before I answer you, what is your politics?

The Ardent Lover—I am a rock-bottom Democrat.

The Maiden (with a sigh)—Well, I'm a Middle-of-the-Road Populist. We can't fuse, Mr. Courtwell.

She walked the hot and barren sands, and yet she was in clover, and was engaged to three young men. Before the stay was over.

"Didn't it require a lot of nerve to stand up and face the enemy in battle?" asked the interested listener.

"Yes," said the old soldier, and it took a whole lot of muscle when the bloody beggars charged on us."

"If you'll walk slowly across the floor again," the photographer said. "This one shows you with your foot in the air."

"That's all right," replied the prominent citizen. "I'll send it to my daughter's young man."

"That measly cad from Yankeland I'll now proceed to crush."

And on the face of the Prince of Wales there came a royal flush.

## MANGANESE MINING

Latest Enterprise of the Czar of Newfoundland.

Operations on a Gigantic Scale—A Sturdy Scotchman Who Seems to Be Bigger Than the Colonial Government—He Owns All the Public Works and Transportation Lines of the Island.

When Robert G. Reid, the Scotch millionaire, went to St. John's, N. B., ten years ago and by virtue of a contract with the colonial government obtained control of a tract of land covering thousands of square miles in the eastern part of the island, he little thought that he had become the owner of a large deposit of a valuable mineral seldom found in the western hemisphere. The investor had operated mines of many kinds throughout his vast territory at different times and until recently was of the opinion that the possibilities of his possessions in that direction were well nigh exhausted.

Two members of Mr. Reid's staff of prospectors, returning from a trip along the shores of Conception Bay brought with them pieces of rock chipped from cliffs jutting out into the water. These specimens, they said, showed traces of manganese which, although accompanied by the usual number of alloys could be extracted at a moderate cost.

The principal vein of the ore was found to start from the face of a rugged ledge at a point several inches below the high water mark. For a short period every day the incoming waves render work impossible, but the miners do not remain idle, as several smaller pockets of the mineral have been brought to light in nearby places, where the delvers after nature's hoarding may continue their labor. A large but gloomy and forbidding cave has been formed by the digging of the mine. The sides are dotted with green and yellow blotches, indicating the presence of copper and other metals, while from the low ceiling incrustated with the flaky deposit of the salt spray water drips continually upon these below.

Mr. Reid intends to confine the traffic in the product of his manganese mines to this side of the Atlantic. The foreign market for the commodity is supplied from mines scattered throughout the whole of Europe.

The successful manner in which Mr. Reid has opened and extended the manganese mine is typical of his methods in connection with many other projects. Before coming to Newfoundland he contracted for and built some of the largest bridges in America. He erected the first international railway bridge across the Niagara river, the one at Eagle Pass between Mexico and Texas, the Lac-Brabant bridge entering Montreal and several on the line of the Southern Pacific railroad.

It was in August, 1890, when the capitalist arrived in the island to enter into competition for the building of a government railway through the trackless interior. He carried the day and constructed 250 miles of road from St. John's to Notre Dame bay at \$15,600 a mile payable in the colony's 3½ per cent. bonds. When the work was finished, Mr. Reid was asked by the government to continue the line to Point au Basques, the other extremity of the island. This was a distance of 350 miles more, and he agreed to do it on the same terms. As he was closing this contract a third proposition was made him. The road when completed would revert to the colony. It ran through a country without a settler. It could earn nothing to help pay its way, and to finance it would impoverish the taxpayers and beggar the island. Therefore it was suggested that Mr. Reid undertake its operation for ten years. He was not unwilling in consideration of a subsidy of 5,000 acres of land for each mile operated.

The colonial government agreed to the proposition and passed an act providing that the ownership of all minerals found on this island, even when sold by Mr. Reid to farmers, lumbermen or others, should still vest in him and be workable by him. Finding himself with 3,000,000 acres of land, Mr. Reid sent a small army of trained officials over the island, and wherever they found arable sections, timber areas, mineral belts or lakes and streams with likely water power they promptly "selected" these lands for their employer.

Mr. Reid launched a new plan in the fall of 1897. With the aid of A. B. Morine, a brilliant lawyer, a bill providing for the transferring to Reid of every actual and potential asset of the colony in return for a cash payment of about \$1,500,000 was prepared and placed before the legislature. The lawmakers favored it, and to-day "Czar" Reid, as he is called, owning all public works and transportation lines, has more to say in local affairs than the highest of the island's officials.

old Law Case Settled.

The United States court of claims has just settled a case 102 years old.



MINE AT HIGH TIDE.

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## During July and August,

the warmest months of the year, most people have difficulty in keeping cool. By clothing lightly, dieting lightly and refraining from alcoholic drinks, a long step towards physical comfort is made. But the most satisfactory refrigerant is

## Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

A teaspoonful of this delightful preparation in a glass of ordinary cool drinking water reduces the temperature of the blood, and quenches thirst in a natural manner without chilling the stomach suddenly. It stimulates the digestion and refreshes the body.

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### The Fall Fairs.

WESTERN FAIR, London, Sept. 6-15.  
Industrial, Toronto, Aug. 27 to Sept. 5.  
Kingston, Kingston, Sept. 10-14.  
Owen Sound, Owen Sound, Sept. 11-13.  
Central, Ottawa, Sept. 14-22.  
Northern, Walkerton, Sept. 15-20.  
South Huron, Exeter, Sept. 17-18.  
Tavistock, Sept. 17-18.  
W. Middlesex, Stratford, Sept. 17-19.  
North Waterloo, Berlin, Sept. 18-19.  
Northwestern, Goderich, Sept. 18-19.  
Southern, Walkerton, Sept. 18-19.  
E. Elgin, Aylmer, Sept. 18-20.  
Central, Guelph, Sept. 18-20.  
Great Northern, Collingwood, Sept. 18-21.  
N. Brant, Paris, Sept. 25-26.  
Southwestern, Essex, Sept. 25-27.  
Fullerton and Logan, Mitchell, Sept. 26-7.  
N. Oxford, Woodstock, Sept. 26-28.  
Northwestern, Wingham, Sept. 27-28.  
Springfield and South Dorchester, at Springfield, Sept. 28, 29.  
N. Perth, Stratford, Oct. 2-3.  
South Waterloo, Galt, Oct. 2-3.  
East Lambton, at Watford, Oct. 2-3.  
North Dorchester, Oct. 3.  
N. Kent, Chatham, Oct. 9-11.  
North Norwich, Norwich, Oct. 12-13.  
Norfolk Union, Simcoe, Oct. 16-18.  
Owen Sound, Owen Sound, Oct. 18-19.  
Secretaries of Western Ontario Fair Associations are invited to send the dates of their local fairs to The Advertiser.

### A CARD

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used.

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E. W. Hoyle, Druggist, 652 Dundas street, London, Ont.  
J. G. Shuff, Chemist, 540 Dundas street, London, Ont.  
H. J. Childs, Druggist, Dundas street, London, Ont.  
C. McCallum, Druggist, London, Ont.  
N. W. Emerson, Druggist, 120 Dundas street, London, Ont.  
N. I. McDermid, Druggist, corner Dundas and Wellington streets, London, Ont.  
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JOHN PAUL, City Passenger Agent, O. W. RUGGLES, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

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"Muskoka Lakes—Highlands of Ontario," "Lake of Bays—Highlands of Ontario," "Among the 30,000 Islands of Georgian Bay," "Hay Fever," "Photographic Catalogue," "Across Niagara's Gorge," "Tourist Travel," "Kawartha Lakes," "Fishing and Hunting," "St. Anne de Bellevue," etc. In these publications will be found a fund of information. Most of the books and folders are profusely illustrated with direct reproductions from photographs. Copies of the above will be sent free on application to any of the company's agents.

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### Railways and Navigation

#### Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, June 15, 1909, the train leaving Union Station, Toronto (via Grand Trunk Railway), at 10:30 p.m., connects with the Maritime Express and Local Express at Bonaventure Depot, Montreal, as follows:

The Maritime Express will leave Montreal daily, except on Saturday, at 12 noon, for Halifax, N. S., St. John, N. B., The Sydneys and points in the Maritime Provinces.

The Maritime Express from Halifax, The Sydneys, St. John and other points east, will arrive at Montreal daily, except on Monday, at 7:30 p.m., and daily from Riviere du Loup.

The Local Express will leave Montreal daily, except Sunday, at 7:40 a.m., due to arrive at Lewis at 1 p.m., Riviere du Loup at 5 p.m., and Little Metis at 8:25 p.m.

The Local Express will leave Little Metis at 4:25 p.m., daily, except Saturday; Riviere du Loup at 7:40 a.m., and Lewis at 11:45 p.m., due to arrive at Montreal at 6:30 a.m.

Through sleeping and dining cars on the Maritime Express. Sleeping and dining cars on Local Express.

The vestibule trains are equipped with every convenience for the comfort of the traveler. The elegant sleeping, dining and first-class cars make travel a luxury.

The Intercolonial Railway connects the West with the finest fishing streams, seaside resorts and tourist routes in Canada.

Tickets for sale at all the offices of the Grand Trunk system, at Union Station. Also at the office of the General Traveling Agent.

WILLIAM ROBINSON, General Traveling Agent, 80½ Yonge street, Toronto.

H. A. PRICE, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 143 St. James street, Montreal.

L. E. & D. R. RY. Semi-Weekly Excursions to Port Stanley

on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, of each week during the season. FARE 30c ROUND TRIP. Trains leave 10:25 a.m., 2:30, 5:15 and 6:30 p.m. Returning leave Port Stanley 1:40, 7:30 and 9:30 p.m.

STEAMER "URANIA" Commencing Thursday, May 31, will leave Port Stanley for CLEVELAND, on Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday of each week at 11 p.m., except Saturday, when it will leave at 1 p.m. No train connection on Sunday.

Fare one way from \$2.25 round trip, \$3.50. Get tickets at De la Hooke's, "clock" corner and at G. T. R. station.

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